

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by CECIL COWPER, Esq., J.P., Barrister-at-Law

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THE ACADEMY has passed into the hands of a new proprietor and will be conducted on original lines, which it is confidently expected will appeal to a far larger circle of readers. THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

We were under an impression that Mr. Lloyd George had plumbed the depths when, masquerading as a financial authority, he made injurious remarks about Lord Rothschild and other men who exposed the dangers and absurdities of his so-called Budget of last year. The Limehouse rhetoric, offensive and vulgar as it was, stopped short, however, at the imputation of unworthy motives. Mr. Lloyd George, in his letter to the President of the Incorporated Law Society, explains that no imputation of sordid motives against members of his own profession was intended to be conveyed by the remarks he made in the House of Commons on June 15. The Chancellor is, of course, at liberty to interpret his own meaning, and those who have forgiven, although not forgotten, the amenities of the late election, are willing in all courtesy to accept Mr. Lloyd George's disclaimer. The Chancellor is reported to have used these words in his speech in the House of Commons: "Does the hon. member mean that the Law Society will get up a great agitation against a Bill that increases the charges of the lawyers by three guineas?" In another passage he is reported to have said, "I have never seen a Bill for the reform of the law, whether it was brought in by a Liberal Government or by a Conservative Government, that the Law Society did not oppose, if it was to have the effect of reducing the charges in the profession to which I have the honour to belong." Of course, it is obvious that no unworthy motive for a continuous course of selfishness to the detriment of the public weal could possibly have been intended by Mr. Lloyd George against the profession to which he has the honour to belong. That being so, we should like to inquire whether irresponsible language conveying no meaning, or a meaning which is only assimilable by the understanding of the speaker, is to be a precedent for the official utterances of a Minister of the Crown speaking from his place in the House of Commons?

THE eagerly anticipated debate on the Woman's Franchise Bill took place in the House of Commons on Monday and Tuesday last, and resulted in a majority of a hundred for the Second Reading. This is no criterion of the true feelings of the House, and even less of the true feelings of the country towards the measure. It was purely an academical debate in fulfilment of Mr. Asquith's promise, and as the Government will not give further facilities, the Bill is dead, at any rate for this Session. Of the actual merits of the measure it is needless to say little, for the Bill found few supporters in any part of the House, and was

described by Mr. Churchill as "one-sided and undemocratic." It was the principle of Woman's Suffrage which was really under discussion, and not the merits of this particular Bill. It was admitted both by its supporters and by the opposition that it merely represented the "thin end of the wedge." It is sufficient to say that the Bill proposed to enfranchise about one million women, mostly householders and occupiers. The House divided on non-party lines. Amongst the Ministers and ex-Ministers who voted for or against the measure were:—

| MINISTERS. | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| For. | Against. |
| Mr. Birrell | Mr. Asquith |
| Mr. Burns | Mr. Churchill |
| Mr. Buxton | Mr. Lloyd George |
| Sir E. Grey | Mr. Harcourt |
| Mr. Haldane | Mr. McKenna |
| Sir Rufus Isaacs | Colonel Seely |
| EX-MINISTERS. | |
| Mr. Balfour | Sir A. Acland-Hood |
| Mr. Bonar Law | Sir W. Anson |
| Mr. Lyttelton | Sir E. Carson |
| Mr. Wyndham | Mr. A. Chamberlain |
| | Mr. Akers-Douglas |
| | Mr. A. Lee |
| | Mr. W. Long |
| | Mr. Pretymann |
| | Lord Claud Hamilton |

On the second motion, "that the Bill be committed to a Committee of the whole House," there was a majority of 125.

A cursory examination of the names of those who rubbed shoulders in the Division Lobby, representing as they do all shades of political opinion, will serve to show how very divergent are the views of all parties towards the measure. The reason why the majority in favour of the measure is no criterion of the true state of public opinion is obvious. Many members, knowing the Bill was still-born, did not hesitate to cast their vote in its favour. It would commit them to nothing definite, and might secure them peace and even a little support at the forthcoming General Election, factors which no party man can afford to ignore. This is not the place to summarise the arguments for and against the Bill. Most of them have been heard over and over again, but the stumbling-block, which the majority of the speakers took care to avoid, was the eventual position in affairs of State that women will occupy should they obtain the vote. Once the principle is established it is difficult to see how women are to be kept out of the House of Commons and from occupying positions in the Executive. That day may be far distant, but sooner or later it is bound to come, and we can imagine no more disastrous state of affairs should they succeed in entering the House. Although the Suffragette leaders are keeping this part of their programme in the background as a matter of tactics in order not to scare their more weak-kneed supporters, there can be no doubt that the House of Commons is their ultimate goal. But for this grave problem we are not opposed to the principle of woman's suffrage.

We believe but few women would take any very great interest in the vote after the first novelty of using it had worn off, and we do not think that it would make much difference to the balance of political parties in this country, for experience has shown that few women exercise their municipal vote. Women are notoriously loyal to their friends and relatives, and will make almost any sacrifice even to help a ne'er-do-well whom they like, and therefore very few are likely to attempt to upset the peace of the home by running in opposition to their husbands and brothers. But let man remember that if adult suffrage comes into force he will find himself in a minority of a million and a half. There will, however, always be a certain number of professional women politicians who will take a pride in butting their heads against the dominion of man; and it is from them that trouble is to be expected. It is they who have their eyes on seats in the House of Commons and eventually on posts in the Executive. But we believe that there will be one great safeguard in the future. Much as the majority of

men would dislike to be represented in the House of Commons or on the Councils of the State by a woman, the mass of the women themselves would dislike it still more, and although a female candidate for Parliamentary honours may induce a certain number of men to cast their votes in her favour by her beauty, her eloquence, or her charm, we believe that she will never survive the whole-hearted opposition of her own sex, who, either from a natural intuition of their own limitations and imperfections, or maybe from baser motives of jealousy and dislike, will rise in a body and drive her from the field.

The feature of the debate was a brilliant speech from Mr. F. E. Smith, who led the opposition to the measure. He pointed out that its supporters had entirely failed to prove that there was an overwhelming majority of the women of this country in favour of the Bill, and that, in fact, there was every reason to believe, if a census could be taken, there would be a large majority against it. He pointed out that absolutely no precedent could be found which would apply to this country, and that we were taking a leap in the dark which might result in the most serious consequences. But to our mind the real crux of the problem is the altered status of women if the suffrage is conceded. Woman occupies a peculiar and favoured position to-day which has been built up for her safeguard in the course of ages, and which is founded on sentiment and has been codified by legislation. Is she to keep this favoured position and at the same time have equal rights with man? Is man to cease to be her knight, her protector, and, in theory if not always in practice, her supporter, and merely to become a competitor with her in the every-day struggle for existence? Will the gain of a vote compensate her for the loss of her favoured position? Will not a sentiment, and, we believe, an unhealthy sentiment, arise between the sexes, to the effect that each must look after its own peculiar interests without looking to the other for guidance or support? Are women prepared to defend their country and the interests of the Empire? The foundation of every system of government, whether monarchical, republican, bureaucratic, or autocratic, is based on the same ground. All arise from man's natural desire to protect his home, his wife, and his children, and to safeguard all that he holds nearest and dearest to him. This instinct is not confined to man; it is found even stronger in brute beasts. Men have always made their greatest sacrifice in defence of their homes. The fiercest struggles have been waged to keep the invader from the cottage door. Women have recognised this fact, and have willingly conceded man a certain pre-eminence in the Councils of the State, recognising that without his strong arm they are at the mercy of their enemies. Has the state of society so altered that these factors can be ignored? We believe that it has not.

On Thursday a combination of Little Navy Radicals and Irish members, led by Mr. Dillon, made a feeble attack on the Government's shipbuilding vote. The Opposition, of course, voted in support of the Government's programme, and the Little Navy party were defeated by a majority of 228, Mr. Dillon being accompanied by 70 supporters into the lobby. Mr. Asquith, in a trenchant speech, defended his position and gave the following figures, showing the position of the Powers in regard to Dreadnoughts up to 1914:—

DREADNOUGHTS.

| | Britain. | Germany. |
|--|----------|----------|
| Ready now | 10 | 5 |
| Launched or about to launch... | 6 | 5 |
| On the slips | 4 | 3 (a) |
| (a) Germany has ordered four more. | | |
| Ready end of 1911 | 16 | 11 |
| April, 1912 | 20 | 13 (b) |
| 1914 | 25 | 21 |
| (b) 17 by spring of 1913 or conceivably end of 1912. | | |

We should, it is true, have the two Dominion Dreadnoughts, but Mr. Asquith did not take them into account.

Thus by 1914 we shall have 25 British Dreadnoughts and two Colonial Dreadnoughts against twenty-one German ships, and the potential ships of Austria and Italy. Is this a sufficient margin of safety? We do not think that it is.

The dangers of aviation were further exemplified on Tuesday at Bournemouth by the untimely death of the Hon. C. S. Rolls. He makes the eleventh victim sacrificed on the altar of aviation during the last two years. On Wednesday the German airship "Ersloch" fell from a height of half a mile and its crew of five were dashed to pieces. The accidents to aeroplanes and airships, instead of decreasing, become more and more frequent, and at the present rate of progression almost every living aviator will be dead within two or three years. Most of the papers apparently regard the victims as martyrs to the cause of science. But is this really the truth? We admire the courage and the enterprise shown by these pilots of the air, a cosmopolitan crowd competing against one another in friendly rivalry, and all equally brave, if not equally skilful in the management of their machines. But we quite fail to see the practical utility of these dangerous displays, or what useful end can possibly result from them. Why are accidents becoming daily more frequent? Simply because there is greater competition and the conditions governing the contests are becoming more and more severe. A year or two ago the public was content to pay to see an aeroplane driven carefully around the arena at a moderate height and at a moderate speed. But now the novelty has worn off, and more sensational fare must be provided if the patronage of the masters is to be retained. They must have racing competitions, ascents to enormous heights, flights across country, or over ocean and town, or any freak performance which the daring and skill of the aviator can devise for their amusement. They have paid their money; they are out to see "blood," and in a very great number of instances they see it. Rheims claimed Madame de la Roche, and Bournemouth has claimed poor Charlie Rolls. These two accidents are peculiarly deplorable, for the simple reason that neither aviator was of the show-off, devil-may-care type, but each enjoyed the reputation of being particularly cautious. How long is the law going to allow these dangerous displays? When motor-racing first came in there was only one test of the skill of a driver, and that was speed. The public wanted races, and they got them. The result was innumerable deaths both to those engaged in the races and to those who watched them. Motor-racing has, in consequence, died out on the high road, and the industry has developed along the rational lines of strength and endurance in the car and comfort for the bonâ-fide traveller. We hope that something will likewise be done to place aviation on a sound footing, so that it may also progress—if by chance there should be a future for it—along scientific lines, and not merely develop into a display of reckless daring for the amusement of the public. Is it really in the interests of science for newspapers or for private individuals to offer large sums of money to induce men to risk their lives by giving performances under dangerous conditions?

The big money prizes are an irresistible attraction to aviators, many of whom are merely humble mechanics, and thus see an opportunity of making a fortune in a few hours which will keep them in comfort for life. In most instances these prizes do nothing to advance the science of aviation. They merely cause it to become a

reckless pursuit in which many are killed or injured. Take, for instance, the £10,000 prize offered by the *Daily Mail* for a flight from London to Manchester. We do not for a moment question the good motives of the proprietors of that paper, but it was only a merciful providence which prevented this flight from ending in disaster. Everyone knew that it was only a question of time and of suitable opportunity before an aviator succeeded in making the journey. But owing to the enormous prize offered and the excitement of the competition both Paulhan and Grahame-White had to run the greatest unnecessary risks, both going up on a day totally unsuited for aeroplaning, and the latter actually starting at night in order to try to reduce the start of his rival. How did science gain in this instance? We learnt nothing new; it was simply a gigantic advertisement for all parties concerned. Even the aviators cannot stand the strain for long. One by one the familiar figures of the pioneers of aviation are disappearing. They have either been killed or they retire. The Wright brothers—who always refused to lend themselves to a sensational display, and who did more for the true science of aviation than any others—have left the field, and now devote themselves to the making of machines. Farman is rarely seen in the air; Santos Dumont, who made the first flight in Europe, has given up aviation; and now even the mighty Paulhan has announced his intention never to fly again. In two years' time not one of the present aviators will be seen aloft. All of them will have been killed or will have retired; but as long as big sums of money are to be made others will step forward and risk their lives to gain them. And for what end? None, as far as we can see. Aeroplaning is delightfully exciting to watch, and may be pleasant for those who make ascents; but that is all. We are still firmly of opinion that it is of no practical value to anyone. The risks are, and must remain, too great. The stability of the machines is so slight that the slightest accident spells disaster. The breaking of a wire, the loosening of a screw, the sudden stoppage of a motor, and the graceful machine comes toppling to earth. It is the same with a bird, and the science of man is hardly likely to improve upon the work of nature. Every sportsman knows that, however bad a shot he may be, so long as he can land one pellet in his bird it will come down. He may see it careering gaily across a ploughed field, apparently little the worse for his lack of skill; but nevertheless, it could not remain in the air. Its stability is gone. As with a bird, so with the aeroplane. Damage it ever so slightly, and down it must come. The laws of gravitation must be obeyed. There is another aspect of the case—the risk to life and to the property of those engaged in their ordinary pursuits, and who take no interest in aviation. Why should these dangerous machines be allowed to sail over cities and villages when their fall may mean disaster not only to the aviator, but to others? Think what might happen if a machine charged with petrol fell on the National Gallery or amongst a crowd. Is it not time that laws were passed for the air and for the safeguarding of harmless citizens?

We have very great pleasure in mentioning the remarkable success of Mr. Alfred Buxton in the Royal Academy Schools of Sculpture. He has gained a gold medal and a travelling scholarship for his exhibit entitled "The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise." This remarkable success has been gained by a young man twenty-two years of age, who is a son of a member of the staff of Messrs. Watney's brewery at Mortlake. Mr. Buxton, before entering the Academy's Schools, was a student at the Technical College (City Guilds), Finsbury. He is now taking advantage of the studentship awarded him to travel in Italy for the purpose of study. We hope and confidently expect to hear more of this young man's achievements.

REGRET

(From the French of Joachim du Bellay.)

Is life is less than one blind, fleeting day
In the Eternal; if the years at best
Turn ever sombrely upon thy way,
And all things born must sink with tears to rest,
What drest thou, O poor imprisoned soul?
Why grieve the obscuration of thy light,
When thou hast wings to raise thee from thy dole
For sweeter sojourn, clearer, happier flight?
There lives the good that all men most desire;
There love awaits thee, pleasure without ending;
There dwells repose to which all men aspire;
There thou shalt find, to highest heaven ascending,
Beauty from sorrow, woven in a scheme
Of which on earth thou couldst not even dream.

W. L. R.

THE SELECTION OF JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

We have now before us the report of the Royal Commission on the selection of Justices of the Peace of which Lord James of Hereford was chairman. We do not think that the report tends in any material manner to improve the method of selection which has obtained up to now. It is necessary to draw a slight distinction between the best method of selecting Borough and County Magistrates. As regards the latter, there is no real reason for finding fault with the procedure of recommendation by the Lord Lieutenant and appointment by the Lord Chancellor. When it is considered how very many County Benches exist throughout the country, and how very seldom a vigilant press is able to find fault with the manner in which they perform their duties, there can, we think, be very little doubt that the system has worked well. So far as the County Benches are concerned, and the administration of the law at Quarter Sessions, we are of opinion that quite the right class of men have been chosen to fill the positions of magistrates. We entirely dissent from the recommendation in paragraph ten of the report that working men should be appointed to the County as well as to the Borough Benches. We know those working men; they are the sort of working men who never do a stroke of work, and only use every possible pivot for the enhancement of their own importance and for the display of their frequent ineptitude. But assuming that you obtain a working man who works, we should like to inquire when he is going to find the time to discharge the judicial and administrative functions of a Justice of the Peace. We are quite aware that a Justice of the Peace undergoes no apprenticeship, and frequently is entirely innocent of any knowledge of the law which he has to administer. That is often true of an individual; but it is seldom true of a Bench taken collectively. The class of man who has been chosen for the County Bench, although law may not be his strong point,

is usually a man of affairs and of experience, and not infrequently of education. A working man who is worth the name in most cases makes his work the chief object of his career, and is fairly deficient in knowledge in other spheres. We are quite aware that he has a large hand in choosing those who are responsible for the destinies of the Empire, and we should be the last to deny that on a rough-and-ready view of the political situation the working man—we refer to those who do work—usually takes a sound view of political necessities. After all, however, our political system is one of muddling through somehow; and appointing aspiring politicians to posts which are totally unsuited to their aptitudes. Is the result so satisfactory that we should consent to introduce that system into the administration of the law? There is a further objection to appointing working men to the County Bench, and it is this: the Petty Sessions and the Quarter Sessions are frequently held in large County Divisions at a considerable distance from the various districts included in the jurisdiction. We should like to ask how a working man whose sphere of labour lies in any direction other than being fond of the sound of his own voice is going to transport himself to the place where the Sessions are held to discharge his judicial duties, or to the place where the joint committees transact the administrative business of the county, or how he is going to find time and money to act as a visiting justice to prisons or asylums?

Assuming that there is a remarkable species of working man in existence who has solved the problem of achieving the inconsistent, we are rather curious to know when he is going to find additional leisure to acquire some sort of a superficial knowledge of the duties which a benevolent rather than a far-seeing Commission wish to place upon his somewhat over-burdened shoulders. Of course, the bonâ-fide working man does not want any position of the kind, and the offer of it is only another step in a sort of conspiracy to place him on a pedestal, a sort of ikon to which veneration must be offered when it is placed in all the most foolish and impossible positions.

The argument as to sittings in a distant Court does not apply so forcibly in the supposed case of the appointment of working men to the Borough Benches; neither is the argument against the appointment of necessarily unqualified men so strong in the case of the Borough Bench; because, with the exception of those magistrates who are ex officio members of the County Bench, the Borough Magistrates as such take no part in the sittings at Quarter Sessions, in the transaction of the administrative business of the County, or as visiting justices. Therefore, there may perhaps be no very great or striking objection to the experiment of placing a working man of exceptional parts on the Borough Bench. We are, however, convinced by what we hear of the dislike of working men to act upon juries, that they have no real desire, if their good and kind friends would leave them alone, to undertake the far more onerous duties of magistrates. We see no very great objection to, although we see no very striking advantage in, the other recommendations made by the Commissioners. The small committees which are proposed to be formed as advisers to the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Lieutenant on selection, are very much the sort of bodies from whom those gentlemen receive advice at the present time. The only conceivable object in creating these representative committees is as a tribute to the fussiness of the present day. It is

a symptom of the prevalent rooted objection to leaving well alone, and in some way flaunting the perfectly obvious and already existent as a matter of grave importance, a discovery remarkable for its novelty. With respect to the desire to withdraw the political atmosphere from the region of judicial appointments we are very sceptical whether the small committees will prove to be of any special value. We greatly doubt whether such a self-denying ordinance on the part of political leaders can be anything more than a blind and a make-believe. If the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Lieutenant are as open to political pressure as has been suggested, we see no reason to believe that these small advisory boards, composed of goodness knows who, will be any less likely to be open to similar pressure. On the whole, we think that the Royal Commission has performed a very onerous task, at considerable cost to the nation, with a very inappreciable result. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

THE PASSING OF THE MILITIA

ANYONE who has been associated with the Militia of the old days, and who knows the Special Reserve which has now arisen from the ashes of the old force, cannot fail to be struck by the great change in the composition and character of the two. When Mr. Haldane inaugurated his scheme for the abolition of the Militia three years ago, and its substitution by the Special Reserve, grave misgivings were entertained in many quarters as to the wisdom of tampering with a force which, if far from perfect, had at least done excellent service for over a hundred and fifty years. Many people believed that neither officers nor men would be forthcoming in the same numbers if in the future the force were merely to be used as a training camp to make good the wastage of the Line in time of war. It is too early to say how the experiment will turn out; but already there is plenty of evidence to the effect that if certain reforms are instituted and certain defects are effaced, the Special Reserve will be a worthy successor of the old historic Militia. To meet the storm of objection which was raised against any change, a compromise was arrived at, and twenty-seven of the most efficient battalions were preserved *in toto*. These will either take the field as complete units under their own officers, or else will be sent to garrison fortresses vacated by the line battalions under orders for the front.

Formerly, on enlistment the militiaman was trained for three months at the depot of his battalion by the adjutant and permanent staff, assisted by any officers who chose to come up for duty. At the end of the three months he went into camp with his battalion, and there his service ended until the next annual training came round. During his preliminary drill the recruit was generally billeted about the town, as barrack accommodation was often lacking at the depot; and thus, after drill was over for the day, he ceased to be under the watchful eye of his officer and colour-sergeant. His quarters in the public-houses were often dirty, and his surroundings sordid. His food was ill-prepared, and he lived in an atmosphere of drink and slackness. This evil system has now been changed. On enlistment the recruit is trained for six months, and an effort has been made to provide barracks at most of the depots; so that he may be under his officer's surveillance during this period of probation, and his moral welfare, as well as his physical, can be provided for by healthy sur-

roundings, cleanliness, and suitable recreation. The good results are seen when the recruit joins the battalion in camp. His smart appearance, superior intelligence and general deportment compare more than favourably with that of his older comrades enlisted and trained under the old régime. At the depot the adjutant is now assisted in the preliminary drill by three officers attached from the Line. These officers come out with the battalion during its annual training, and should materially add to the efficiency of the work done in the future, provided always that suitable officers are chosen, and the Special Reserve is not merely saddled with those whom the colonels of the Line are anxious to discard at any price.

Those who remember the mobilisation of a Militia battalion a few years ago must be struck by the orderliness of the proceedings under the new régime. Formerly more often than not it was a sickening sight. Quite half the men "turned up" drunk, victims to the generosity and loving farewells of their friends throughout the county. The serving out of kits and the marching of the men to the train was a difficult and unpleasant task. It generally happened that a very large number were too drunk to move off with the battalion, and were left peacefully snoring or singing ribald songs in the guard-room, as their comrades with uncertain step and hopelessly misplaced kits hastened away. The "drunks" had to be brought on the next day under unfortunate officers left behind for that purpose, and many a crowded orderly-room was packed with these victims of insobriety. But now a drunken man is a rarity. Hardly a man is left behind, and the whole battalion moves out of the barrack square with kits properly adjusted. It is hard to explain the reason for the change. No doubt it is partly due to the social reform which has come over the whole country during the last ten years; it is also partly due to a better understanding between the colonel and the publican and the police, and timely hints about the renewal of licences at the next Quarter Sessions if the men are freely treated on the day of coming up for the training. But the change is chiefly due to the new spirit which has come over all branches of the Army since the South African War, both in its internal composition and in its relation to the civilian population. The Army stands far higher to-day, and is more popular than it was ten years ago. Great efforts have been made to remedy the many shortcomings which the war disclosed, but both officers and men have taken their duties more seriously, whilst the system of training has been immeasurably improved. In a few years the last of the old type of militiaman will have entirely disappeared from the Special Reserve. He will be regretted for his many good points, and he will be remembered for his many weaknesses and departures from the strict path of military virtue. The old County Militiaman was drawn from the dregs of the population, but that did not prevent him from becoming a good soldier if only sufficient time and opportunity were given to his training. He was often a ne'er-do-well, a casual labourer, a loafer, a poacher who spent a portion of each year in gaol, but he stood firm at Waterloo and on many another stricken field.

It is almost too early to say how the experiment of the Special Reserve is going to work out in the future. Will the six months recruits, who are at present so smart and so difficult to distinguish from their comrades in the Line, gradually sink back, as the years recede, into the same old type whom we knew in the past? Many believe that they will, but we are inclined to think differently. If they do

deteriorate, radical steps must be taken to keep them up to the proper standard of efficiency. At present a recruit enlists for four years in the Special Reserve, and at the end of that time he retires or re-engages. Why should he not do a refresher course of three months at the depot every time he re-engages? This would cost the country but little, and would add enormously to the efficiency of the recruit. On the whole, there seems to be a bright future and a useful rôle for the Special Reserve; but some reforms are necessary. The annual training should be prolonged to four weeks. Three weeks is not sufficient for the company officers to handle their men.

But the most serious question of all is the supply of officers. Throughout all branches of the Service, whether Regular, Special Reserve, or Territorial, there is the same alarming shortage. In the Special Reserve the number of missing subalterns grows greater year by year, and in almost all battalions there are more captains than subalterns. This proves that while the old members stuck loyally to the force, the new blood is shy. The reason of this is obvious. The Special Reserve is going through a transition stage, and until the final form in which it will emerge is known, there are many who hesitate to commit their destinies to an uncertain venture. The popularity of the old Militia was certainly chiefly due to its territorial connection. The battalion was a happy family raised on the old feudal system, the men and officers having a mutual interest in each other's welfare, not only during the annual training, but in civilian life. Now this spirit of camaraderie has largely died out, owing to the changes in the internal composition of the corps and the different uses for which it is destined in time of war. Only twenty-seven battalions will go to the front or be sent to garrison fortresses under their own officers. The rest will be split up and sent as drafts to fill the wastage through death and disease in the Line. Therefore the service cannot appeal to the county gentleman as it formerly did. He knows his brother officers and their strong and weak points. He has studied what the men under his command can do, and the system under which the battalion has been trained. He is willing to serve under his colonel and amongst the comrades whom he has known for years; but it is a very different proposition to pack him off to a strange land to serve in an alien corps amongst officers whom he does not know and in command of men whom he has not trained himself. No doubt many men would soon become accustomed to their new surroundings, but it is only human nature, especially amongst the older officers, to shirk such a change. Then again, there is an unhealthy spirit of uncertainty clogging the wheels of this section of our military machine. There is a very general feeling prevalent amongst the officers of the Special Reserve that, however keen they may be, however much time they may devote to improving their efficiency by special courses, in the future they will never be allowed actually to command or to fill the higher ranks of the battalion in which they serve. They believe that retired or seconded officers from the Regular Army are to be selected for these coveted posts in the future. During the last two years the regular officers attached to the depot for the training of recruits have come out with the battalion during its three weeks in camp. Their good work, their zeal, and their efficiency are manifest, and are appreciated, but, at the same time, whilst the individuals are in most cases popular enough, their presence is resented. We believe the question of the future of the Special Reserve is occupying the serious attention of the Army Council, and the sooner some definite decision

is arrived at the better for the force. If the exact functions and opportunities of the county gentleman are carefully defined, his old-time patriotism and pride in the county corps will not be found wanting, and the empty ranks will rapidly be filled.

AN ELIZABETHAN IMPERIALIST

OUR modern British Empire is largely the product of the sane imagination of the men in whose day Scotland was a foreign country and Ireland a satrapy in revolt; within whose recollection the last remnant of England's French possessions had disappeared. These men navigated untracked oceans and battled round the world, holding a faith vaster than they realised, dreaming dreams of conquests and colonies. There is no greater proof of the statecraft of Elizabeth than the fact of the creation of an imperial atmosphere about her Court, wherein flowered the high ideal whose seed was destined to spring up in goodly fashion 200 years later.

There is a rare, forgotten pamphlet, "A Discourse on Sea-ports, principally of the Port and Haven of Dover, by Sir Walter Rawleigh, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth." In reading it one perceives how shrewdly he hits the needs of our times. The danger zone in his day was the English Channel, the dividing line between piracy and war was a fine one, while the principal area of population was a fringe of coastline and the hinterland in rear of it. England's strength was afloat. On the Devon and Cornish coasts, which Raleigh knew and loved so well, the risk of incursions of the foreigner from overseas was a perpetual nightmare. Raleigh had played his part in the game of defence, and knew many fighters who had fought and schemed to safeguard those shores. He was seven years old when gallant Pelham, who beat back an invasion of the English coast, less than 60 miles from London, died.

"What time the French sought to have sack't Sea-Foord
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard."

Raleigh had learnt the fighting trade by land and sea. For ten silent years he had fought on land in foreign parts, but the sea was his true mistress, and he remained faithful to her until his life was betrayed and sacrificed by Elizabeth's craven successor. The story of the forcing of the harbour of Cadiz and the cutting out of the treasure galleons, of which feat Raleigh was at once brain and hand, is surely one of the greatest sea records we possess. "If any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured," quoth Raleigh.

In his day the engineer had not the mechanical appliances by which to create artificial harbours. The dredger, as we employ it, is a modern tool. Raleigh saw that the great art of his time was the conservation and betterment of English harbours, by wielding and controlling the natural forces of scour. He had fought and travelled over the Low Countries. Their stubborn resistance to a foreign foe was only paralleled by their deliberate, age-long struggle with Nature, by means of embankment, sluice and delf. He sums up the result of keen observation in the following words:—"It plainly appeareth that as the excessive expence of the Low Countreys, bestowed on havens, hath not impoverished, but the clear contrary, greatly enriched them by incomparable wealth and treasure, with number of rich, fair and populous towns; so our sparing mind, or rather greedy getting, gaining,

and enriching land from your Majesty's havens and navigable channels, hath utterly destroyed and spoiled many good havens by nature left us, and thereby wrought very beggary, and misery, and desolation on these your frontier towns."

The reclamation of marsh land, by reducing the tidal column of scour, has frequently been the cause of the dwindling and ultimate extinction of harbours, to which the merchandise of the Middle Ages was wont to be consigned. There is no art in which the balance of gain and loss has to be more carefully studied than that of conserving a waterway and its embouchure. Barrages and weirs have sometimes a knack of accentuating the very trouble they were meant to cure. It is hardly too much to say that the official attitude to-day is against the multiplication of small harbours. The argument is that they are a potential source of danger from invasion. They have to be defended. Concentration—that is the modern panacea. It is argued that overseas traffic can be handled with greater economy, in relatively a small number of highly equipped centres, than is the case if that traffic is more widely distributed. The concurrent evil of ever-increasing cities—whole provinces of population packed into land which must be valued at per square foot—was clearly foreseen by Raleigh. "Hereby," he says, "sufficiently appeareth how incomparable jewells havens and sure harbours are, for gaining, maintaining, and encreasing people, wealth, and commodity, in any realm. . . . And no lesser strength and security do they bring in time of war, as well by the multitude of mariners (a most serviceable people) and shipping which they breed, as also the inhabitation of the frontiers."

There is no mistaking the changed current of national sentiment on the Imperial issue within the last decade. A colonial or Indian officer, on furlough after an absence of ten years, would find a new atmosphere settled about his home surroundings. The South African War hammered the British Empire into one corporate entity; as truly as her war of forty years ago evolved the German Empire. The battle-cry of "A United Empire!" has been the rallying-ground of Tariff Reform. Economic unity must prelude the vision of kindred nations, grouped about the standard of the Motherland. To convert the statesman's vision into sober reality would do more for the peace of the world than all the Hague conferences. Raleigh had the ready wit of a sailor, accustomed to look eye to eye at real dangers. His mother wit was combined with the keen prescience of a statesman, trained to

"Look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not."

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the important questions of to-day are the methods by which rural population may be re-created, and the slow atrophy of unemployment thus be stayed. This must be achieved without increasing our central army of officials. To foster local initiative, to increase the area of manual occupation, to bring back home industries, these seem to be the ends to be attained. Our system all round is becoming artificial and inelastic. We are learning the fatal lesson of trusting to the foreign mercenary in the battle of life, rather than to our own right arm. No nation can escape the inevitable nemesis of that course. Every year we lose some home industry, every year we lean more and more on the foreign worker and agriculturist. So was it in ancient Rome, until the Goths hammered at the gates and the rude

awakening came. Our King's call, "Wake up, England!" still falls on slumbrous ears.

The pressing needs of the British Dominions beyond the seas are population, capital, organisation. To reconcile the ideals of these young nations, their energy, disregard of precedent, determination to find a remedy for admitted evils, with the ultra-caution and hide-bound methods of the Old Country, will tax the wisdom of all servants of the State for the next generation. If wrong solutions are sought, if mere *cul-de-sac* paths are entered upon, the disintegration of the Empire and the downfall of the Old Country may surely not be chimeras in the coming years. On the other hand, if an organised Commonwealth be evolved, owing allegiance to one flag and inspired with one common ideal, the dream of a federation of the Anglo-Saxon race, as an instrument of peace and good government, will be converted into sober fact. In the coming fight it is hardly open to question on which side, had our Elizabethan Imperialist still been a living servant of the State, his banner would have been borne.

REVIEWS

LITERATURE AND RELIGION

English Literature and Religion. By EDWARD MORTIMER CHAPMAN. (Constable and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

MELANTHON once said that the most beautiful verse in Homer was the profound and memorable sentence, *πάντες δὲ θεῶν χρεοῦσ' ἄνθρωποι*—All men have need of gods. This great aphorism is illustrated by a review of the literature of the nineteenth century. Let the writer be so called, as you will, an agnostic novelist, an infidel historian, a sensuous and unbelieving poet, the debt of literature to religion is nevertheless paid, and the more sober judgment of posterity marks in their works religion as a paramount source of their inspiration. "English Literature in account with Religion" is the quaintly commercial sub-title of the very able work before us. Mr. Chapman explains simply his purpose in the preface:—

I have tried to set forth something of the debt which Literature owes to Religion for its subjects, its language, its antagonisms and inspirations, as well as in many cases for the training of its writers; while, on the other hand, I have wished to suggest the debt which Religion as indisputably owes to Literature for the extension of its influence and the humanizing of its ideals.

Literature and religion are linked together in a tie which does not admit of divorce. The very quarrels and antagonisms which perplex the superficial critic are in reality of the nature of the bond. This close interrelation is set forth by the author without passion, and, on the whole, with very little prejudice. For so controversial a subject as religion his attitude is remarkably detached. His aim throughout appears to us—though he does not expressly admit it—to be mainly this: an attempt to discover what kind of answers modern English literature is able to supply to those spiritual problems which are not of to-day or yesterday, but for all time—an attempt to realise the profound truth of the ancient saying, in its application to religion and literature, *neminem vere vivere diem praesentem, nisi dierum praeteritorum memorem*.

To deal with all the sixteen sections into which Mr. Chapman's book is divided would be outside the ordinary limits of the reviewer. On the other hand, if a review is to be of any use, it is necessary to point out the general

trend of the work by some particular references. Mr. Chapman begins with what he designates "The Dawn of the New Day" in the poetry of Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, and Blake, with Wordsworth and Coleridge as the "Sons of the Morning," Byron and Shelley being somewhat humorously described as the "Apostles of Revolt." Mr. Chapman is never dull, even when dealing with the grim Calvinism of Sydney Smith's "Clapham Sect." Many well-known stories are lightly reproduced. But they never bore the reader. They are always *ad rem*, as in the following passage about Macaulay:—

Nor can any adequate estimate be formed of the quality of Macaulay's style without taking into account his training in the Bible and his saturation with Scripture phraseology. His infant outburst against the maid who had disarranged the pebbles marking off his little garden plot: "Cursed be Sally! For it is written, 'Cursed be (sic) he that removeth his neighbour's landmark'!" is prophetic of the terrible and rhetorically exaggerated indictment of Barère at the close of the essay upon that worthy.

Or this:—

Someone called FitzJames Stephen a Calvinist with the bottom knocked out. In his younger brother's case not only the bottom went, but a majority of the staves as well.

This delightful humour is as though one were to say to-day, Canon Hensley Henson is a Churchman with the bottom knocked out, while the staves are left to take care of themselves.

Another chapter is given to a remarkable estimate of the debt owed to religion by Carlyle and Ruskin, under the suggestive heading, "Elijah and Elisha." "Carlyle did not like the Jews, yet his attitude of mind and his literary style were both Hebraistic. He could not endure Scottish Presbyterianism, except, perhaps, as embodied in his parents, yet in many respects he was the most eloquent and consistent Calvinist of his generation." Of Ruskin, although he was more or less indifferent to the organised system and worship of the Catholic Church, "his criticism of art is to the guidance of the writer, teacher, and preacher, the fact being that he recognises the fundamental identity of principle underlying all worthy human activities uniting them to one another and joining all to the creative processes of God."

The place of religion in the writings of the great masters of fiction is treated with much discrimination and an insight often denied to the religious world, which is constantly inclined to censure any work concerned with the naked realities of life, and yet willing to accept a parallel presentment of facts in the Sacred Scriptures. Mr. Chapman examines, without too elaborate dissection, the religious basis underlying the work of the Brontës, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, and many writers whose debt to religion is so far from being recognised that not a few would range them in a hostile camp.

Another chapter treats of "The Doubters and Mystics," in which category the author places Clough, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, and Edward FitzGerald—a somewhat curious classification; and we rather take exception to his idea of the relation between the doubter and the mystic. Tennyson and Browning have a section to themselves as "The great Twin Brethren," while the lesser lights are grouped together under the "dubious heading" (the author's description) of "The Heyday of Minor Poetry," with the shrewd comment that the term "Minor" Poetry represents a condition, rather than a critical aspersion.

Mr. Chapman's work is certainly fascinating, his general

treatment of a theme often controversial is remarkably free from bias or prejudice. His style is excellent and pleasant reading, though at times there are signs of a tendency to labour after forced effect. But lovers of books will welcome this work, which we confidently recommend to any who desire a clear grasp of an important, if a neglected or misunderstood, aspect of nineteenth-century literature.

THE INSCRUTABLE MIND

Hypnotism and Suggestion. By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, 6s. net.)

OUR bodies, those wonderful living machines by which we express love and hate, joy and sorrow, fear and confidence, and the thousand shades of these and other emotions to our fellow-beings, have been the subjects of vigilant study for ages untold; and, in spite of the incompleteness of our knowledge, it may safely be said that we understand them fairly well. Our minds, however, the invisible, intangible personalities which differ each from the other in unnumbered ways, the mysterious individual selves which think and decide, consent and refuse, ever seem to elude the patient investigator; it is as though every narrow lane of inquiry ended in a baffling labyrinth whose tracks sometimes fade entirely, sometimes lose their identity and mingle with an infinity of branching by-ways. Students spend their lives in endeavouring to trace these ramifications; volume after volume is written, and, year by year, although some small glimmering lamp is added to the dim illumination of the maze, we feel how inadequate in reality is our total enlightenment. To attempt to follow the influence of mind on mind, therefore, is one of the most intricate of psychological problems, and every item which tends to assist the student, or even the interested ordinary man, is to be welcomed.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, in the book before us, takes one department of this science, and wisely, logically places it in the grasp of his readers—the manner and extent in which one strong human personality may impress itself upon another (not necessarily weak) for good or ill, and the defensibility of the use of such a process. Mainly, as is but natural from a member of the medical profession, the various points are presented with a view to their bearing upon mental and bodily health, but the book is none the less interesting on that account. Most persons, at some period or another, have been fascinated by the extraordinary phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism—very often because in witnessing or submitting themselves to these manifestations the eerie borderland of the supernatural seems to approach rather closely. We are all attracted, in spite of ourselves, by the uncanny or the inexplicable—it is a part of our human dower of curiosity; and this is a wise ordinance, for without the inquisitive sense our discoveries would be very limited and our progress in civilisation tedious in the extreme. In his lucid, methodical chapters, however, the author shows clearly that there is nothing unearthly, nothing due to outside spiritual interference, in the mesmeric or hypnotic state, or in the surprising results which “suggestions” made to a person in that state may exhibit.

It would occupy more space than we can afford to comment upon all the good points of this treatise, but we may note a few of the most interesting. The much-discussed problem of apparitions—the waking visions of a friend

who is at the point of death—is dealt with in a level-headed fashion. It being proved that a person can be hypnotised—under certain conditions and reservations—at a considerable distance from the operator, those who admit this, says Dr. Hollander, “should experience no difficulty in accepting the possibility of messages from persons whose vital energy is, so to say, flaring up because of danger to their existence;” but he admits himself that such recipients must be in a passive and tranquil condition at the time. Hence these “apparitions” which seem so supernatural generally show themselves at night, or in leisure moments. We cannot quite follow the learned author in his digression on “ghosts”—his enthusiasm for his theory as to these shadowy visitants seems to lead him into special pleading; at the same time, he never touches, in the slightest degree, the level of the nonsense that has so frequently been penned on this debatable subject.

We are bound to believe in our ordinary life, that two people, united by a great affection, can be in sympathy *en rapport*, to an extent which occasions surprise if we stay to think about it. That lovers communicate the vivid thought by a glance or a smile, that two close friends will often anticipate each other's words, their brains working in harmony, are matters of every-day experience; it seems reasonable enough that there should be some form of vital energy capable of projecting itself under favouring circumstances to its fellow-mind. The difficulty with all such propositions is that in the present state of our knowledge they cannot be demonstrated; certain phenomena are set before us, and our deductions are unproved. If it were only as easy as mathematics—if we could track the value of these mental quantities as unerringly as we can find the value of x in an equation all would be different, although then—as often happens when full knowledge comes—half the charm would vanish. But there are no mathematical formulae for resolving the problems of the mind, and incessant, persevering observation is the only path by which gleams of truth can be found.

Here, however, we are confronted with a fresh difficulty, which Dr. Hollander treats very neatly in a preliminary chapter on “auto-suggestion”—the unreliability of observations. Professor Hugo Munsterberg, in his book, “Psychology and Crime,” has an amazing section entitled “The Memory of the Witness,” and instances an amusing but significant experience of his own. Giving evidence in court as to a burglary in his own house, he found afterwards that nearly all his sworn statements, made in the utmost good faith, were incorrect. Here was a trained observer, a famous scientist who has delivered and is delivering thousands of university lectures that emphasise to his students the importance of close and accurate observation, not caught napping, but deluded by memory and imagination; how far, then, can we rely on the evidence of the man in the street? Dr. Hollander's remarks on this subject are worth a brief quotation:—

Question eye-witnesses concerning the details of some event at which they were present, and you will see that they have all seen differently, because they have all looked through the spectacles of their understanding, distorted by preconceived opinions and auto-suggestions. . . Great liars must have the capacity of suggestion and auto-suggestion to an extraordinary extent. These persons lie to themselves and to others continually, until they are no longer capable of distinguishing clearly between that

which has been experienced and that which has been invented. The pathological liar confuses the products of his fancy with realities.

The chapters dealing with Mesmer and Braid, and with the French schools of hypnotism, are full of information and interest, and a little dissertation on "Christian Science" (so-called) contains plenty of sound sense. But we must conclude, referring readers to the book itself if they would learn what has been done and what is being done in England at the present time to investigate the claims of hypnotism with regard to the healing of many obdurate maladies. We have been somewhat lax in this country in this respect, and Dr. Hollander's statement of the present position comes very opportunely.

CYNEWULF

The Poems of Cynewulf. Translated and edited by CHARLES W. KENNEDY. (G. Routledge and Sons. 6s.)

MR. KENNEDY has collected in one volume the group of poems associated with the Anglo-Saxon poet Cynewulf; the four signed poems of the authorship of which there can be no question, and four unsigned poems, "The Andreas," "Guthlac," "Dream of the Rood," and "Phoenix," which are sufficiently in the manner of Cynewulf to warrant their inclusion in this translation, "as, at any rate, the work of pupils or imitators writing in the traditions of the master," if not of the master himself. Cynewulf is the merest shadow of a name; and the sum of what we know of his life and circumstances is small. The scholars who have pictured him as a bishop or a wandering minstrel have "imagined a vain thing." Yet, from the personal passages in his poems, we seem to know him well and to catch glimpses of a deeply religious nature, a sensitive and wistful spirit. He is penetrated with the sense of sin, "stained," as he writes, by his deeds of evil, "shackled in sin, harried by sorrow, bound in bitterness, companioned about with trouble," and he tells us that it was "radiant grace" that gave him the gift of song, and undid the bolts of his breast. His descriptive passages are marked with a felicitous simplicity, a keen delight in the spectacle of this world, that remind one of Chaucer. Perhaps the most striking example of the fervour of Cynewulf's imagination is to be found in the third section of his "Christ," which deals with the Last Judgment, where he gives us a picture which has the breadth and colour of a Tintoretto in verse in Mr. Kennedy's fine translation: "Then shall the heavens crash, the steadfast stars and radiant shall fall. The sun shall be turned dark unto the hue of blood, which gleamed so brightly over the ancient world unto the sons of men. The very moon, that in the night of old shed her light on men, shall sink from her station; so also shall the stars fade from heaven, through the fierce air, smitten with storms. . . . The dusky flame shall flare on those undone by sin, and fire shall devour golden jewels, the olden treasure of the kings of the land." A magnificent pendant to this are the sea-pictures in "Andreas," which may with some degree of probability be attributed to him; and the "Phoenix" is the most artistic poem in the Anglo-Saxon language. The book is a monument of sound scholarship and taste, and in the translations Mr. Kennedy has given us something of the alliterative element of the original in his fine rhythmic prose.

LEGAL

The Justice's Note-Book. By the late W. KNOX WIGRAM, J.P. Ninth edition. By Charles Milner Atkinson. (Stevens and Sons. 7s. 6d.)

WE welcome with great pleasure the ninth edition of "The Justice's Note-Book." It is two years since this most

useful volume was issued. The present edition is edited by Mr. C. M. Atkinson, the stipendiary of the city of Leeds, and the author of the admirably arranged, although somewhat monumental, volume, "The Magistrate's General Practice." "The Justice's Note-Book" should be in the hands of every magistrate. It contains all the most useful points which have to be dealt with in the courts of summary jurisdiction, and is an eminently readable work, differentiating in this respect from a large number of legal treatises, which no human being can deal with otherwise than as works of reference. The present volume includes all the latest enactments which magistrates of petty or quarter sessions are called upon to deal with. The volume has been carefully revised and brought up to date, and includes an admirable résumé of the main provisions of the Children Act of 1908.

Law for the Million. By A PRACTICAL LAWYER. (*The News of the World*, Limited. 1s.)

THIS is an excellent little volume arranged in alphabetical order, which will be of considerable value to those who know how to use it. For all legal manuals are only useful up to a certain point, and beyond that, instead of being an aid, they may be very misleading. It is impossible in a work of this kind to include all the subtle shades which emerge from decided cases; therefore, a compendium such as this can only be useful in directing the mind of the reader towards a general view of law, and no one who is well advised will rely solely upon it. In our opinion, the volume is very helpful within the limits which we have mentioned.

FICTION

The Adventures of a Runaway Bride. By ISABEL SMITH. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

THE "Runaway Bride" is a novel of incident, but not highly probable incident. Susannah Boyd, young, and dependent upon her relations, is married against her will to Elijah Fenby, "a member of a particularly exclusive branch of the Salem sect." She promptly runs away, and runs through a variety of situations as companion, secretary, and finally as stewardess on board a merchant ship. The ship goes down in a storm, and Susannah, with the second officer and a dying clergyman, are cast upon a coral atoll. Here, though Susannah explains she is already married, the clergyman insists on marrying her to the second officer, saying that even if she "had gone through the marriage ceremony" he thinks "the extraordinary circumstances in which she is placed would annul it"—an unusual attitude toward the marriage service in a clergyman of any denomination! The Runaway "sails five points to the wind" on her island; from which, however, she is at last rescued, and when she returns to England she offers to rejoin Elijah Fenby. But no sooner has she done so than Elijah's first wife is discovered to be alive, and Susannah, for the third time, goes through the marriage ceremony (this time with a man she loves), and for once does not run away. The absurd plot is hardly convincing, but some of the vignettes of denominational manners are amusing.

The Squatter's Bairn. By E. J. MATHER. (Rebman. 6s.)

"A GOLDEN-HAIRED, blue-eyed English girl" is found among the aborigines of Australia. "Of course, in the matter of clothing there was much to be desired" when she was first discovered, but she develops in the home of the rich squatter into the type of English beauty illustrated on the frontispiece. Ralph Grant, the son of the squatter, falls in love with her, and, after a few simple incidents

(he saves two children from drowning and captures a gang of bushrangers single-handed) marries her. The plot is negligible; the style extraordinarily pompous. When Mr. Grant no longer needed his old head gardener he "peremptorily insisted that he should retire upon a pension equalling the aggregate of his present emoluments." Ralph Grant says to his uncle, "The view is captivatingly beautiful, and you are fortunate in having this eminence upon your own property from which to get such a gloriously extensive panorama." People don't say such things. The book is enlivened with Government photographs of the olive-yards and vineyards of Australia, a picture of a group of aborigines, and an appendix containing official information "for the benefit of the intending tourist or settler."

The Wife of Arthur Lorraine. By E. EVERETT GREEN.
F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

MISS GREEN has made a happy venture. She has given us a story of married life that leaves a thoroughly wholesome atmosphere behind it. Pluralities in the way of human varieties have for once been carefully avoided, the result being a singular and uniform exposition of sanctified sense. In the person of Lorraine's wife, we are brought to see marriage as it should be, and Miss Green is to be heartily congratulated for the uniform way in which she has so skilfully and pointedly matured her subject. Her book is honestly a book to be read—and read with due appreciation, for it stands out, especially at the present time, as a remarkable refutation of the false, because loose, discussions which tend rather to weaken than strengthen the rites of marriage as a holy bondage. Moreover, whilst the work may be said to expose a great truth, it may likewise be said to possess real interest, a combination of qualifications rarely to be found in mere novel-writing.

Lying Lips. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

In this tale of love and mystery, Mr. Le Queux, with his usual charm and skill, tells how Iris Almond, the daughter of the leader of a gang of notorious thieves and swindlers, becomes suspected of an extraordinary crime, and of how a person of the name of Laird, convinced of her innocence, assists her in escaping from the officers of the law until such a time as her innocence can be proved. The story is artfully contrived, for circumstances assume such a form that even the girl's father is made to believe in her guilt. Laird, her sole protector, was a bold man in acting as he did, but when a man is in love he stands to win or lose at all costs.

THE THEATRE

SEVERAL points of some interest remain to be dealt with in our summary of the London theatre season. It was a great disappointment to those who desire to see serious English work on the English stage to find that Mr. Maugham is apparently capable only of writing plays so light in texture and so flimsy in construction that they could not hope to occupy the bill of a London theatre if they were not backed by Mr. Frohman's amazing capital and his most advertised actors and actresses. Since Mr. Maugham shot into the firmament by accident, and was created a martyr by the *Daily Mail*, he has broken two records—the one to have running in London more plays at the same time than any other writer of the day, and the

second that they were plays which, with the exception of "Smith," would not have run at all in any other theatres. There is, of course—and it is a good thing that there is—a ready welcome in London for light, bright, witty, charming pieces in which the foibles of the time are satirised pleasantly, and the tendencies of those people who are called the lazy rich by the ignorant Socialist are made the subject of plots. Mr. Maugham must, however, take himself more seriously even when he writes these light plays than he has done hitherto. "Smith" was the only play from his pen which in our candid opinion deserved production on its merits. "The Tenth Man," like "The Explorer," proves that Mr. Maugham's gift is not for strong work. It is therefore to be hoped that the play which, it is said, Mr. Maugham is writing for Miss Irene Vanbrugh will be of the "Smith" school.

"The Blue Bird" does not come in the category of the season's productions, as it was produced in 1909. It is believed to have been a great financial success, and it is stated that it will be revived at Christmas-time, because it is given out that it is a play for children. It is, however, nothing of the kind. No child who saw it understood what it was all about. It makes no appeal whatever to the child mind, and it was only attractive to the grown-up playgoer because of its beautiful scenery and original stage effects. To many playgoers its treatment of death was offensive and painful. As a piece of playwriting it has no more claim to be called a work of art than has an oleograph.

Mr. H. B. Irving has at last discovered the obvious. His season's productions of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Judge Not," together with his revivals of his father's old plays, have shown him that he may look for no support from playgoers unless he gives them original plays devoid of exposition of epilepsy, and of what may be termed Maskelynecockism. To Mr. Irving's credit there is only to be placed a most excellent revival of "Hamlet," in which his individual performance was surprisingly good. The word surprisingly is used because hitherto Mr. Irving has not proved himself the possessor of an histrionic talent which is anything out of the ordinary.

Of Mr. Martin Harvey, who brought to the Lyceum Theatre his version of "Richard III.," and a revival of the "Breed of the Treshams," little can be said, except that he is an actor possessed of talent only a little short of genius who has permitted himself to deteriorate somewhat. Since Mr. Harvey has been his own manager there has been about him, apparently, no man sufficiently daring to point out to him the bad tricks into which he has fallen. Instead of his rendering of the magnificently effective character of Richard III. being one of an epoch-making kind, as it might easily have been, it was merely bizarre and sometimes peculiarly unsatisfactory.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier is a young actor who bears a celebrated name, and who has won for himself a fine reputation for excellent work. He is shortly to be in management in partnership with Mr. Frank Curzon. Mr. Du Maurier's work in a somewhat feeble drama called "Arsène Lupin," and in a still more feeble play entitled "Alias Jimmy Valentine," has shown his admirers that he has arrived at that stage in his career when he is under the impression that a popular actor can afford to be a little careless in his work with impunity. It was, of course, a very unsympathetic and even cruel thing to place Mr. Du Maurier in such a part as Arsène Lupin after he had appeared as the studious railway porter in Mr. Barrie's delightful comedy, "What Every Woman Knows." For all that, it is diffi-

cult to offer an excuse for what we must term the pranks he played after the first few performances in his part as the French thief, nor for his somewhat slap-dash work in "Jimmy Valentine." It is greatly to be hoped that when Mr. Du Maurier is his own master he will not follow in the footsteps of Mr. Martin Harvey and labour under the delusion that he has nothing more to learn.

It is now time to turn to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier. The pieces in which Mr. Bouchier has appeared this season have already been dealt with. It will be interesting to see just how Mr. Arthur Bouchier stands in relation to his art. It must be said at once that he has steadily descended the scale during the last few years. His recent performances prove that for some reason or other quite unfathomable by the playgoer he has fallen into the habit of obtaining cheap laughs by an indulgence in buffoonery. At the very moment when he is supposed to be labouring under great agitation he makes strange noises with his mouth, which he points with still stranger gesture. He bellows and puffs out his cheeks in imitation of the Paris chauffeur who has acquired the reputation of a funny man. It is all very strange and unnecessary, and makes one quite nervous as to what he will do with the part of Henry VIII. in the autumn. Not long ago Mr. Bouchier showed a great improvement in his work. As the Bishop in "The Bishop's Move" he gave no indications of the amateurishness which had haunted him until then, and played with a delicious humour, a delicacy and a restraint which evoked well-deserved admiration. As Shylock, too, he had his excellent moments, especially in the great court scene.

Of Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Bouchier) it is difficult to write in quite so frank, though friendly, a spirit. Miss Vanbrugh, according to the critics of the daily papers, made what is called a "hit" in a particularly coarse, crude play which was manufactured in America, and whose title was "The Woman in the Case." This play purported to represent certain phases of American life, the scenes were American, the atmosphere was American, the characters were American and the language was American, and yet Miss Vanbrugh, who was supposed to represent a woman of a certain class typically and wholly American, adopted a strong Cockney accent. It was certainly daring, but it was not artistic, and it had the effect of throwing the play completely out of gear.

Of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's two plays, "The House of Temperley" and the "Speckled Band," it may be said that they showed that its author possesses a gift for the perpetration of good, wholesome melodrama. The former play, in which a Georgian atmosphere was very nicely reproduced, enjoyed very great success. The latter piece, of inferior workmanship, is still attracting that section of the British public which reads detective stories and goes to the theatre to be thrilled. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is therefore to be encouraged. He does not aim high, but he does not aim low. The word art does not obtain a place in his vocabulary, but neither does the word erotic. He is just a story-teller who casts his wholesome and harmless stories into dramatic form.

There remains the Shakespeare Festival, which has become a yearly institution, and for the conduct of which Sir Herbert Tree deserves very well of playgoers. The work performed at this season's festival showed a great improvement and an added sense of loyalty on the part of Sir Herbert's brother-managers. If more care is taken in the future in the casting and rehearsals of Shakespeare's masterpieces, these festivals will do much to raise the

position of the English stage. Next year Mr. Henry Ainley must not be entrusted with the part of Romeo, and Miss Constance Collier must be given other work to do than to appear as Juliet. The Balcony scene in the hands of these artists was, to our mind, we regret to say, very painful, and would have been played, we think, with greater intelligence and ability by amateurs in a production of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Apart from a characteristic inability to remember his lines Sir Herbert Tree did very well.

THE MORTALITY OF MUSIC

MUSIC, as the most catholic and yet the most intimate of all the arts, must, if it is to be a living art, both express and appeal to the spirit of the age to which it belongs. Occasionally it may be the voice of the prophet warning of judgment to come—judgment, that is, on the unworthy art of the day—but, generally speaking, if it be of a nature which reflects the spirit of a former age or anticipates that of a later one, it is moribund or embryonic. It is true that, in contradistinction to the visual arts, it practically ceases to exist as soon as it ceases to live. The art of letters, being in its essence a sonorous one, is subject to some extent to the same conditions, but having a larger dependence upon the written record, it is less dependent for its existence and effect upon the accidents of audition and audibility. It is, however, the sound, or the suggestion of it, that keeps it alive, as may be judged by a comparison of the existing remains of ancient art and culture. The larger remains of the earliest examples of architecture and sculpture are less vital to us at the present time than is the comparatively small amount of literature which we possess, because we have some sense of the eternal fitness of the sound and of the unchanging suggestiveness of the sound contained in the letter. The music of the Middle Ages is as dead as are the plastic arts of Greece, in spite of the curious imitations we have foisted upon us by musical and ecclesiastical faddists; and of any earlier period there might just as well have been none composed or practised so far as we are concerned. The music of those far-off ages in its own day was as living as that of the last or the present century. It served to add vigour to the festivals of the people who were living then, and dignity and solemnity to the celebrations of their grief and their religion. It edified and pleased those who heard it, in the same way as that of to-day edifies and pleases us. When its day was done it vanished from the earth as completely as its makers, leaving as its memorial only a few ashes in the shape of almost undecipherable manuscripts or sculptured designs of instruments which, when reconstructed, emit sounds, if any, of a quality or nature which we can neither understand nor appreciate.

It is not merely that this early music is forgotten. Nor is it only that our tastes and culture have changed, like the fashions of our garments and our manner of social intercourse. The decay is in the music itself, which has actually lost its nature; and no attempts at resuscitation or revival, no changes of modes or fashions in taste or culture, can possibly bring it back into being. It is some years since the late Vernon Blackburn pointed out that even the music which we know and practise ourselves loses

something of its nature by reason of its age; that music which was full-blooded a generation ago is, and not merely sounds, to ears accustomed to more involved and more discordant noises, attenuated. The desires of humanity for aural enjoyment or edification are constantly changing, no doubt; but this does not account for the complete disappearance of so much that was regarded by the most serious and conscientious thinkers of its day as the highest type of art. The loss which the music itself suffers is inflicted slowly and imperceptibly, but none the less really, and it is only in the course of a long passage of time that it withers as completely as the fallen leaf or the discarded garment. The spirit which vitalised it has departed, and the body dies and in time decays, till there is no trace of its features, and often none of its existence. It is the mystery of life and death seen not alone in man himself, but in all created things, both high and low. Could we hear the music as the ancients heard it, in spite of changes of fashion, and custom, and use, we should apprehend something of its beauty and effectiveness. But though we may reconstruct the form, we cannot breathe into it again the breath of life, and therefore we cannot know it as it was.

We see something of the aging of music in that which we now know as classical, and which we are fond of speaking of as immortal. The music of Haydn, for instance, which but a short time ago was regarded by all true music-loving souls as imperishable, we now see to be so closely linked with the spirit of the time in which it was composed that as the spirit of the ages changes it is gradually losing its nature and freshness, so that after another generation or two of existence as the most interesting and fragrant specimen of the art and life of its day, it will in all probability die and disappear as effectually as did the music of Ambrose and Gregory and their predecessors. The thought is not altogether a pleasant one, especially for those of us who have been brought up in the affection and worship of what we know as classical masterpieces; but it is a fact which has from time to time to be faced just as really as the passing of our human friends and companions. It may be that much of what we have known from our youth may outlive us; still more will probably be to each of us individually a constant living companion, even after, to the world at large, it has ceased to have any interest or even existence. Is it not so with our closest human friendships? But its spirit will depart sooner or later. It is not difficult to observe the same thing happening with the music of to-day. To some it may be given to write music which, because of the catholicity of its spirit, will live into the future and meet and express the spirit of ages yet unborn. To the majority the hard fact remains that the less our music is in touch with the spirit of the day in which it is written, the sooner will it die and pass into the oblivion of soundless hieroglyphics. Music which has come into existence through evolutionary processes, music not composed by individual authors, but which has grown by tradition into what we call folk-music, also suffers the same fate. Much as we may regret the passing of the folk-songs and dances of our own and other countries, and endeavour to retain their life by including them in works of art, and by teaching them to our children, all our efforts will result only in embalming the body and form, and preserving this as a memorial of a spirit that has passed. The spirit of our own age is making its own music, and the spirit of future ages will do the same;

and as that spirit passes the art will die, whether it be the art of the cornfield or of the Court. The reason why we cannot get the children of to-day to sing spontaneously the songs which their grandfathers sang as children, is that another spirit has been born, and the old one will not return at the bidding of the human will.

And as music grows old with years, it has similarly an infancy, a youth, an adolescence, and a maturity. The music which emanates from a universal genius is often in advance of its time, and does not appeal to the spirit of its day for this reason. It is greater in its nature than that which is recognised as most powerful by the composer's contemporaries; yet that which dies in the generation which originated it may be greater in its present being and achievement. Beethoven's music in his own day was not as strong—not as great—inherently as it is in ours. It was, as it were, in its infancy; an infancy, it is true, that causes us who know the work in its maturity to wonder at the non-recognition of its greatness by those who knew it then; but nevertheless lacking the fulness of life and power it has since attained. The same with the music of Bach, and to a lesser degree with that of Handel, Mozart, and Wagner. It is this growth to maturity which justifies the varied interpretation of every class of work from that of the composer himself to the most modern and "strong" performer or conductor; and it is this decline from maturity to decay that justifies the gradually increasing neglect of music which our fathers and we ourselves years ago held in the highest esteem.

STRAUSS'S "FEUERSNOT"

"FEUERSNOT" has been late in reaching us, but it was quite worth waiting for, and Mr. Beecham has put us all in his debt again by producing it. The weakest part of the work is undoubtedly its book. Strauss's delightful music has been to a large extent thrown away on a fatuous libretto. Since, however, Strauss chose the subject himself and suggested its treatment, he has only himself to thank, and, to be fair to Herr von Wolzogen, his original is relieved by a good many humorous touches and verbal sallies which have necessarily disappeared in the process of translation. Nevertheless the book is, after every allowance has been made, inherently stupid. The original fable on which it was founded is foolish enough, but the adapted version of the story is even worse; and, what is more, it plays even less satisfactorily than it reads. It is, in fact, a mere episode which is presented, and it passes one's understanding why the drama, such as it is, was not more adequately worked out. As it is, the action is ridiculously bald, and the opera is absurdly short. I am all against long-winded operas, and certainly would not have the Wagnerian precedent followed here. But a work which lasts less than an hour and a half is going to the opposite extreme. It is so easy to imagine ways in which the story might have been extended with advantage. It positively clamours, indeed, for amplification. A preliminary act, for instance, might have shown us Diemut setting her cap at Kunrad and being repulsed by the young student. This would not only have helped to fill out the work, but would have served to make much more intelligible the subsequent proceedings. As it is, we are presented with a young man who kisses a girl by force the first time he sees her, and half an hour afterwards insists on being admitted to her bedroom. In the circumstances, Diemut might well adopt the time-honoured formula,

"This is so sudden." In point of fact, however, she proves much more complaisant, so perhaps Kunrad was right after all, on the principle that the end justifies the means. Yet, strangely enough, he shows no disposition to avail himself of his privileges, even when the way lies clear. For, having at length got on to the balcony, he does not forthwith proceed with his love-making, but stays instead to deliver a long sermon to the crowd below! Was there ever such a foolish fellow?

And what nonsense he talks, too! We know what he is driving at, but it must have been sadly incomprehensible to his hearers. Certainly his remarks seem to have no sort of bearing on the matter in hand. A more confused or confusing allegory has never been offered up for the bewilderment of the public. It is impossible to correlate it in any intelligent fashion with the facts. Kunrad, for instance, who stands for Strauss, as we know, puts out the lights in order to win the fair Diemut. Where is the analogy here? If years ago, when he complained of the Munich folks' unappreciation, he had refused to write more music for a time, it might have been possible to perceive some point. But he did nothing of the kind. Who is Diemut, again? And what does she stand for? And why should the people be punished to bring her to reason? Only a Teutonic mind, with its peculiar capacity for bemused thinking and foggy writing, could have conceived so preposterous a parable. It is worse even than the "Ring."

Consider, again, the case of Diemut's father. He is a worthy burgomaster—one would not be surprised to learn that he is related to Veit Pagner, of Nuremberg—and presumably a pattern of all the proprieties. Yet he seems to be more delighted than anyone by the saucy Diemut's unconventional conduct. After this, how could Kunrad call him and his fellows narrow-minded? Obviously, if the librettist had known his business he would have met this point and turned it to account to add to the interest of his story by getting the burgomaster off the scene and bringing him back again only when it was too late. But enough of the book.

The music is very different. Strauss has given of his best in the score of "Feuersnot." But, as in the case of all his other works, a certain amount of time and study is required for appreciation of all its beauties. On first hearing a good deal sounds rather confused and eccentric. So far as the average uninitiated listener goes, he hears a big orchestra playing exceedingly complex music at high pressure to the accompaniment of voices whose parts seem to have not infrequently little or no relation to what is being played by the instruments. Then comes a lucid interval, and he gets a few bars of simple joyous melody, treated as simply as a nursery song. The respite is brief, however, and the hearer is soon hard put to it again to perceive method in the seeming madness.

This is putting the matter, of course, from the layman's standpoint. The cultivated hearer who knows his Strauss will not be greatly bothered. But even for him it is not all plain sailing at first. Undoubtedly this is not "first hearing" music. A good deal of it is, but other pages need knowing to be enjoyed. The music is full, in particular, of quick runs and flourishes which seem at first rather to confuse matters. It requires an agile ear to follow all the twists and turns of this intricate score. Even when the texture is of the slightest there is always plenty going on, and this it is which gives the music its abiding charm and inexhaustible interest when it is really known. There are more ideas in a page of Strauss than in whole acts by more conventional composers. And his ideas are nearly always beautiful and original. Otherwise, all his transcendent technique would, of course, go for nothing. Such things as the exquisite "Liebesscene," the noble music of Kunrad's harangue, Diemut's beautiful solo, and many other pages which might be specified are inspirations of the most authentic kind. Yet one eminent critic has had the absurdity to declare that the weakness of the music as a whole has been "cleverly covered up" by the quota-

tions from Wagner—the said quotations occupying about half a minute all told!

It remains only to say a word as to the performance. It was not too good, but it might easily have been worse, and every allowance should, of course, be made for the difficulty of the work. It was, indeed, extraordinarily plucky of Mr. Beecham to undertake it at all with the resources at his command; and, as it turned out, the two artists specially imported from Germany to play the leading parts were at least as open to criticism as their English companions. The orchestra, on the other hand, was quite splendid, and this meant much.

THE ART OF THE YEAR.

"And deep peace brooded over Europe, Asia, Australia, and Polynesia."

SURELY some such words as Rudyard Kipling's must be the general verdict of a year to which the Royal Academy struck the keynote of monotonous mediocrity. Yet there have been momentous happenings in the world of Art. They have, however, been rather of that negative character which conduces to less noisy advertisement, but which nevertheless has very far-reaching effects.

First and foremost, there was the necessary—but it is to be devoutly hoped only temporary—disruption of that eclectic little band of artists who held their annual exhibition at the New Gallery contemporaneously with the big Burlington House show. Comprising as it did such brilliant artists as John Lavery and Grosvenor Thomas, who refused to submit their work to the captious criticism of the Immortals, the sodality did much good work in educating the artistic taste of English people, and has left a gap that has not as yet been filled. Almost of equal importance is Sargent's practical desertion of portraiture and his return to the Italian scenic painting of his earlier years. Great though the loss to portraiture undoubtedly is, his mood cannot but benefit art in general. His extraordinary versatility, the breadth and strength of his line work, and his marvellous eye for colour effects, must have an influence for good on a genre of painting that the commercialism of the age was fast driving into decadence. Beside two such noteworthy happenings as these, the other events must fade into comparative insignificance. It is worth recording with gratitude that John Collier's pictures have this year required little or no elucidation; that Sir Ernest Waterlow has infused a modicum of animation into his landscapes, and that at least two new stars have arisen in the artistic firmament.

The Royal Academy Show, in spite of its almost stupendous mediocrity, can claim a meed of praise. Frank Brangwyn has received a certain, though very tardy, recognition. It is perhaps illustrative of our English method that an artist who is undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living painters should have been hailed with acclamation throughout the civilised world before his merits were even acknowledged in his own country.

The Grafton Galleries have afforded two big exhibitions of modern art. The "Fair Women" in technique, if not in beauty—save the mark—were worthy of the best traditions of the International Society. Sargent, Lavery, Charles Shannon, Orpen, Nicholson, Laszlo, Heller were all represented by fine specimens of their work, while the exhibition further served to bring into prominence such rising lights as G. W. Philpot, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Wilfred von Glehn, and A. E. Walton, the latter an artist who adds to a Nicholsonian temperament and skill a marked individuality that should carry him very far. The "Women's International Art Club's" Exhibition seemed to suffer from that pernicious anæmia that is usually the chief characteristic of feminine pictorial efforts.

Of the other three noted galleries the "Old Waters" in

Pall Mall East have undoubtedly produced the best work. The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours brought to the front an allegorical painter who almost alone in England seems able to combine perfect line, artistic colouring, and poetic imagination in his work. E. R. Hughes' "Four Phases of the Moon" were real artistic gems. Sargent's sketches and Napier Henry's seascapes lent distinction to a show that was well above the average.

The Royal Institute in Piccadilly has hardly been so successful. The nomenclature of the two corporations are so similar that care must be taken in order to avoid confusion. Roughly, it may be said that the Royal Society is good, and the Royal Institute bad. There are, of course, a few exceptions amid the latter sodality, such as Baghot de la Bere, John Hassall, and James Orrock, but the general tone seems to be infected by the proximity of Burlington House, for even the exhibition of miniatures at the Royal Institute is far inferior to the similar show at the Painters in Water Colours. Several other societies, such as the "Modern Society of Portrait Painters," the "Pastel Society," also held their exhibitions in the Prince's Galleries, but none of them produced anything worthy of favourable mention in a general review.

The Suffolk Street Galleries presented two big exhibitions. The Royal Society of British Artists' Show was memorable for the fact that the only work of real artistic merit was by a foreigner. This was Laszlo's head of "Prince Louis of Battenberg." The "Modern Society's" exhibition was remarkable for some marvellous Italian scenes and other sketches by John Sargent, one splendid picture by P. Wilson Steer, and several of great merit by William Orpen. In male portraiture Orpen's strength and power make him a worthy successor to Raeburn, and when he allows his Celtic imagination rein his subject pictures acquire an added value from their artistic charm.

The two new stars to whom reference has been made above are both foreigners. Rudolf Kiss is a young—a very young—Hungarian, blessed with an artistic temperament of the highest order. Rarely has a "one man" show of a new artist created such an enthusiasm as did his at the Brook Street Galleries. His work is reminiscent of the genius of Shelley and Keats. Of his own undoubted genius there can be no two opinions. Seymour M. Stone is also a young man, an American, whose talents are no less. He also has strong poetic feeling. His brush work—less volcanic than Kiss's—is far better suited to portraiture, which he has now adopted. This artist's work is but little known in England, but the lucky few who have seen his latest portrait of Lord Esher are universal in their praise of it.

AN ACADEMY IN MINIATURE

THE current exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters at 5A, Pall Mall East, is well worth a visit. In the first place, the large majority of the exhibits are above the average, while some are of a really high order of merit. Secondly, the President has introduced the excellent scheme of embracing such allied arts as modelling in wax, and metalwork, in the exhibition, thus turning it into an "Academy in Miniature." How great is the need for some encouragement of those branches of art may be judged from the fact that no English artist could be found to whom it was safe to trust the design of coins and stamps for the new reign. If Mr. Alyn Williams can create a vogue for such work in England, and build up a lost art, he will deserve well of his countrymen.

Under the circumstances, it was only natural that the best work in the exhibition was that of the President himself. Besides a finished execution and a keen, artistic perception, Mr. Alyn Williams can adapt his style to his subject. There is, for example, much greater strength in his miniatures of "Sir Gardiner Engleheart" and of

"President Taft" than there is in "Mrs. Nicholas Longworth," which is painted with delightful delicacy and lightness of touch. But of his five exhibits, from a purely artistic point of view, the best is "Flotsam." The drawing and flesh-colouring of the nude figure in the foreground are quite beautiful, while the rolling sea and the bright sun in the background are in marked contrast to the slipshod work by which so many miniature painters spoil their results.

Mrs. Lee Hankey seems imbued with much the same temperament as her more famous husband. Those who have been fortunate enough to see W. Lee Hankey's delightful illustrations to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" cannot fail to observe the same tonality about the portraits the "Hon. David Lyon," "The Lady Elizabeth Lyon," and "The Hon. Anne Lindsey," which are all beautifully finished.

Henry Henshall is another exhibitor whose work is always of the highest class. He has made the apparently self-respecting labourer's child the subject of nearly all his pictures, and his studies in expression are wonderfully realistic. Perhaps they hardly come within the correct limitations of "Art in Miniature."

Some of the finest work in the exhibition is from the brush of Miss Inez Buchanan. Her work attracted a good deal of attention at the New Gallery last year, and, though she is not exhibiting much new work, her skill and artistry are beyond all doubt. There is unfortunately in England too little praise of art for art's sake, and Miss Buchanan would be well advised, if she wishes to make a name for herself, to paint someone well known in Society and to attach the sitter's name to her work when she exhibits it.

There are in addition several other artists whose work deserves mention, but most of them suffer from "pot boiling." They try to turn out too much, and in the result only about one picture in four is up to the best standard of which they are capable and to which they ought to attain. Nothing is more fatal to an artist's reputation—and, in the long run, to his material interests—than to exhibit work stamped with the brush of carelessness and haste.

THE NEW SOCIETY

IF the New Society of Water Colour Painters does not meet with the success it deserves at the New Dudley Galleries, it has only itself to blame, for more execrable taste in hanging pictures it would be hard to imagine. In any case, a great deal of the work is only mediocre, though there is fortunately a pleasing absence of the garishness and insipidity that marks and mars the ordinary run of water-colours. Undoubtedly the best picture in the show is Harold Waite's "Open Country." The artist has mastered that hardest of all details in landscape painting, the portrayal of distance without undue foreshortening, while his touch is artistic and his colouring sympathetic.

Ernest Haslehurst, one of the newest members of the Society, is also showing extremely good work, of which the best is "A Grey Day." The Secretary of the Society, Vivian Rolt, is also a capable interpreter of the far horizon school. His picture of "Sussex" is a really fine piece of perspective beautifully painted. Gerald Ackermann's work is rather uneven. It is generally flat and anæmic, but occasionally almost inspired, as in "Poole Harbour from Wareham," a subject which the association of a great picture by a really great artist would, one might think, make invidious comparison obvious. But Ackermann has treated it quite worthily in a very distinctive manner. Of the rest, H. L. Dell's "Green Pastures" and Cyril Ward's delightfully delicate "May" are the best.

Water-colours are not suited to portraiture, and most of the artists have recognised this axiom. The few that have not are lamentable failures, except Frank Bennett's two pictures. "Eventide" is far superior to "Wonderland," but both are poetic in conception and charming in execution.

SHAKING HANDS

If it were possible for us to regard in a mood of abnormal detachment some of our ordinary, habitual actions, those which occur so frequently that they have become part and parcel of every-day life, we should be staggered by their ludicrous aspect, stricken to a state of helpless amusement by their apparent absence of meaning, or perplexed as to whether, after all, we were so sound and sane a people as the popular conceit would have us believe. We puff smoke from our lips in the public streets, in the broad light of day; we daub a canvas with certain colours, hang it on a wall, and label it "Twilight" or "Portrait of Mr. X."; and we do many other things which might seem absurd had we not some tacit agreement that they should be considered correct and worth doing. Most frequent incident of all, perhaps, we meet a friend, take his hand, and squeeze it more or less gently. Astonishing. But by the assent and sign-manual of long custom, the clasp of hands as a form of greeting is thoroughly established.

The hand-shake is essentially English—it exhibits no strong emotion to the outsider. With the mere grip of his fingers the Englishman will welcome a brother whom he may not have seen for many years; he is not fond of vocally expressing his affection, confidence, esteem. In the same way, without words, two persons hitherto strangers will discover at parting that they have "taken to" one another and hope to meet again. In contrary fashion, the touch of hands can convey indifference, dislike, and repulsion. Who has not suffered from the man who does not know how to shake hands properly? Poor fellow; he may mean no harm, but when he slips his flaccid fingers into ours without the ghost of a pressure it is difficult to repress a shudder, and more difficult still to feel warmly towards him. His palm may not have the chill clamminess of Uriah Heep's bony extremities; in fact, the damp and clammy man usually squeezes hard and distressingly; but we are constrained to get rid of it with as brief a recognition as is polite, for it is uncomfortably limp and lifeless—one might as well clasp a stuffed glove.

It cannot be denied that the hand, as a rule, betrays its owner. The best hand-clasp of all, let it come from man or woman, is that of the slim and sensitive hand that fits into its counterpart as one piece of a puzzle keys into its neighbour, making, as it were, a perfect contact whereby the spiritual electricity of friendliness and mutual comprehension may freely flow. In such a firm, quiet communion the lover pleads his cause, declares his adoration, receives his sweet permissory message, long before his lips dare to utter the words that burn; by that bridge of bone and blood and nerve, so quickly made, so quickly broken, two bodies can momentarily become as one, and across it rush unconfessed thoughts, incoherent desires, untranslatable thrills. This is the sublimation, the apotheosis, of the hand-clasp; at the other extreme lies the impotent, dreary touch of which we have already spoken, that sends a blight to the heart and draws down the blinds of the eyes. Its merely physical sensation often remains for a period of minutes, and rouses the wish for immediate ablution in order that the taint may disappear.

Many interesting gradations can be found between these two points. The once fashionable "society" hand-shake, the "prude major" and "prude minor," wherein the tips of the fingers were just clipped, with the arms raised to shoulder-level, afforded much delight to artists and cartoonists with an eye lifted for humour; it had, perhaps, a certain artificial prettiness, but it was essentially theatrical, unreal, a pose of figure and of attitude achieved for the benefit of other people, and it rarely left the ranks of daintily gowned and gloved femininity. On the stage it still lingers, a travesty of greetings. The hasty, perfunctory grasp of business life—the commercial hand-shake, it might be termed—expresses little but a fleeting "How d'ye do?" Time is precious; the office waits, the telephone bell may be ringing, stocks are rising and

falling. The "pump-handle" performance, such as Stiggins or Chadband might have affected, is fortunately almost exterminated; as life has grown more strenuous it has vanished with the bore who used to buttonhole his victims and treat them to lengthy dissertations on his personal affairs. When it occurs, however, it is a painful thing to endure. "To have its natural force and character," says Elia, "this shake should be performed with a fair and steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less variety, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted."

There remains another hand-shake that is painful—physically so: the relentless clutch of the individual with the grip of iron, whose vice-like hold temporarily paralyses all thought and feeling, and leaves his unhappy friend's digits white and flattened. He is generally a good, big, genial fellow, with beaming eyes and bluff ways and hearty voice, and he wishes you well; but at some convenient season he should be tactfully enjoined to qualify his transports of welcome, to temper them with mercy. He is a veritable blacksmith for muscle, and forgets that the wielding of a pen or the exercises of a business career do not as a rule prepare less gifted persons for the resistance of such an onslaught. He ought to read Lamb's story of the young geologist with the doughty grip, who shook hands enthusiastically with an uncle troubled with gout, and was for his carelessness promptly disinherited. The only method of meeting him is to grip back as hard as possible in self-defence; he will not object. Concede him a moderate squeeze, and you are lost; it will be ten minutes before your trembling fingers can do their scribe's duty.

The moral effect of a judicious hand-shake is at times quite incalculable. To the disheartened, despairing wretch, flotsam on life's stream, it may mean safe anchorage, fresh hope, new energy; it can be an unequalled communication of pluck and of courage, of faith and self-respect. The very thought that someone does not disdain to take his hand, however far he has drifted from the lively, lovable world, can work wonders; the brightened glance, flushed cheek, squared shoulders, will all attest it. Again the act is a bridge—a plank by which he may step back to respectability and health of soul.

Our nearest Continental neighbours have recognised the importance of this undemonstrative act of ours, and have paid us the compliment of gallicising it and adding it to their vocabulary of exotic words. In their papers "le sport," "le five-o'clock," and other importations are frequently to be met with, looking curiously homely and pleasant in their setting of foreign type; to them is now gathered "le handshake."

The refusal of the hand-shake has always been akin to a deliberate insult. "Ne cuius dextram injeceris," wrote the sage, as a warning against a too effusive greeting. The acceptance of the proffered hand has even from Biblical times been an act of tacit homage, of acknowledgment that a state of friendliness was to be maintained. Jehu, meeting Jehonadab, "saluted him, and said to him, Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? And Jehonadab answered, It is. If it be, give me thine hand. And he gave him his hand; and he took him up to him into the chariot." The Wise King knew the dangers of the "striking of hands indiscriminately as a binding contract." "A man void of understanding," he wrote, "strieth hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend"; and again, "Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts." The custom of shaking hands in ratification of an agreement has existed in almost all nations at all ages. In mediæval times, the oath of fidelity was taken by the vassal placing his hands in those of his lord. And in our modern clasp of a friend's extended hand remains some trace of the same loyalty, the same admission that between us, at any rate for the time, "my heart is with thy heart."

CORRESPONDENCE

"POETS' SONGS AND MUSIC."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—It would require too much of your space to answer the various points raised by Mr. Hale's interesting letter upon the subject of "Poets' Songs and Music," upon which I wrote in your issue of June 25, and therefore I will confine myself to one or two points in which I am misrepresented. In the first place, my comparison of English music with that of Germany and Italy was not intended chronologically. I was comparing total results only, or best with best.

Again, I very certainly did not say that any twaddle will do to set to music so long as it pleasantly tickles the ears. What I did say was that the words of a song had only an ancillary and negative importance, and that it was not essential that, apart from the music, they should be the best kind of poetry. I said that for singing it was only required that they should not injure or efface the musical meaning of the song, implying, of course, either in sound or sense, for, of course, silly and sentimental words may vulgarise and obliterate the beauty of a song, just as music may vulgarise a poem. It may be, and very probably is, true, as Mr. Hale asserts, that only the best poetry is capable of inspiring the best music, but in my article, read as a whole, I said nothing to the contrary, but I did ask whether the gain was reciprocal. My conclusion, I may remind Mr. Hale, was that the attempt to set the best poetry to music was a gamble in which, for the poet, there was nothing to gain, and much to lose, and that it was only the composer of music who might gain from the combination. My argument was, and still is, that music is *superfluous* to the best poets' songs, and that in music the pleasure might be either greater or less, according to the genius of the composer, but that it was *different*. This is supported by the opinion of several poets who, like Tennyson, have not much cared to have their songs set to music. I have not overlooked Mr. Hale's illustration of the poem in music by a glove enclosing the poetic atmosphere and content complete of a poet's song, but I still hold that it is not all the best poetry, and perhaps none of the very best, which can be reproduced in music. Poetry for music requires certain special qualities which are most frequently found in second-rate poetry or poetry which lends itself by atmosphere and content to music, like the songs of Goethe and Heine; and if your correspondent protests that these are in the highest class of poetry, I reply that it is not because they may readily be adapted to or reproduced in music, but that it merely happens so. I do not agree with Mr. Hale's dictum that it is precisely for the purpose of recitation and singing that poetry ought to be composed, but it was my own argument that modern poetry suffers from the complete estrangement of music and poetry. I said, however, that the influence should be prenatal. I agree that these distinctions may appear to your correspondent rather too "academical," but I think, nevertheless, they are real, and should be observed. But the whole question is perhaps not one of pleasure only, but of principle. There is certainly a very high degree of pleasure to be experienced in the perfect union of the "blest pair of syrens," but here in art, as in nature, perfect unions are extremely rare, and no marriage is better than an ill one; and the principle still holds good that music is superfluous to perfect poetry, and in music the success depends solely upon the perfection of the reproduction. And we have it, again, on the authority of Ruskin, that art which reduplicates art is necessarily second-rate art, and although he is referring to the painting of a ship or cathedral, the same principle applies to the reduplication of poetry in music.

At the same time, I welcome Mr. Hale's criticism, and should also be glad, although this may surprise him, to see an improvement in the quality of popular songs, both with regard to words and music; but this makes no difference to my article taken in its entirety.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

Our third article on "Some Aspects of Morocco" will appear next week.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education, and Medical Practice. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 6s. net.

A Vagabond Journey Around the World, a Narrative of Personal Experience. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

Rose Acre Papers, including Essays from "Horae Solitariae." By Edward Thomas. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Anthology d'Art: Sculpture—Peinture. (Orient, Grèce, Rome; Moyen Age, Renaissance; XVIIe. et XVIIIe. Siècles; Epoque Contemporaine.) By Alfred Lenoir. 224 Plates. Armand Colin, Paris. 7frs. 50c.

The Arts of the Church.—VI., Renaissance Architecture in England. By the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.

Maxims of Life and Government. By Marshall Bruce-Williams, Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.

A Bibliography of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Compiled by H. Ralph Mead. The University Press, Berkeley, California, U.S.A.

THEOLOGY

The Place of Religion in Good Government. By Max Pam. The University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A.

The Claims and Promise of the Church. By Gabriel Gillett and William Scott Palmer. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d.

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Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Vol. V. T-Z and Appendix. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A., F.S.A. Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Matriculation Directory (No. 55, June, 1910) with Articles on Text-Books. University Tutorial Press. 1s. net.

Michael Kohlhaas. By Heinrich von Kleist. Adapted and Edited by F. W. Wilson, Ph.D. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

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